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04x07 - Preponderance of Death

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **06/11/04 01:33**

[Brian has followed up on his backroom diagnosis. He's sitting in a doctor's office and the doc is showing him the results of the ultrasound.]

Doc: I suspect it's a seminoma. A testicular cancer quite common in men your age. However, we can't be sure until we perform a biopsy.

Brian: How do you do that?

Doc: Well, first we'd have to remove the testicle.

Brian: That's what I was afraid you were gonna say. And if I don't have cancer, then - you put it back in?

Doc: Unfortunately, no.

Brian: I was afraid you were gonna say that, too.

Doc: However, the good news is that the procedure is relatively simple. As for the other testi, it will still be completely functional and neither your sexual performance nor your fertility will be affected.

Brian: That is good news. I'll be a one-balled wonder.

Doc: No, no, no. We give you a prosthetic replacement.

[Getting out of his chair, he takes a box off the shelf and shows it to Brian. It's a box full of ba*ls of all different shapes and sizes. Ball implants.]

Doc: Here, help yourself.

Brian: Sometimes you feel like a nut, sometimes you don't.

Doc: It will look and feel completely natural. Of course, we try to match your original testicle as closely as possible.

Brian: Not too big, not too small, just right. (Picks up one of the implants) So, what are my chances?

Doc: With surgery and follow-up procedure, 99 percent. Not bad.

Brian: And without surgery?

Doc: The cancer will spread through your body. It will invade your vital organs and you will die.

[Cut to - guess who! Ted at a 12-step meeting.]

Woman: This one year is clearity is meant more to me than all my other fourty years of pain and confusion. And for that I would like to thank the person who helped get me here. Sometimes he had to drag me here - my sponsor Blake. Blake is my rock. And I don't know what I would have done without him, Blake I never meet anyone who was more integrity than you. Thank you for being there for me. For being my friend, for believing in me.

[Everybody applauds. You can see that Blake isn't comfortable with that.]

[The day of Vic's funeral. Michael, Ben, Hunter and Emmett are sitting around in the Novotny living room waiting for Deb to make an appearance so they can leave. They've been waiting awhile, apparently. Michael's getting antsy.]

Michael: Shall I go and get her?

Ben: Give her a few more minutes.

Emmett: She was up most of the night. I heard her rattling around the kitchen.

Ben: That can't be a good sign.

Emmett: And this morning, she was just pacing back and forth in her room.

Hunter: Like Mary Tyrone?

Michael: Who?

Hunter: Didn't any of you illiterates ever read Long Day's Journey Into Night?

Ben: Part of the 10th grade English curriculum.

Hunter: Compared to some of the foster homes I was in, it's the f*ck' Brady Bunch.

Michael: Would you show a little respect? Sit down!

Ben: Michael.

Michael: It's my uncle's funeral. (Hunter gives him a look.) If she doesn't get her a*s down here in two minutes, we're gonna be late!

Hunter: Like the guy's gonna give a sh*t!

Emmett: I'm not sure she's up for this.

Michael: That makes two of us.

Ben: She wouldn't miss his funeral.

Michael: Who knows, after the fight they had? I better go get her.

[Just when Michael's about to go upstairs and get Deb, she comes down. She's totally composed, all cool, calm and collected.]

Debbie: Why is everybody sitting around? Michael, are you the driver? Then let's go.

[Everybody's at the gravesite - even Jennifer.]

Minister: Before we consign our brother Victor Anthonio Grassi to the arms of our loving and netherless god is there anyone who would like to offer a personal rememberance?

[Michael delivers a little eulogy.]

Michael: It's so hard. Where do I start? My uncle Vic was the first person I ever told I was g*y. He laughed and said, "Thank God, now your grandmother will have someone else's soul to pray for." That's how he was - never unsentimental, unlike me. Always facing adversity with a smile and a cynical remark. I'm sure if he saw us here today, he'd say, "What the hell are ya wasting your time on a dead man for? Go get laid!" So I just want to say, thank you, Uncle Vic, for everything you've taught me. You were a brave man. A good man. Which is all we can ever hope to be.

Minister: Anyone else?

Emmett: He made a f*cking fabulous tarte aux pommes with creme fraiche.

Mel: He was the only person I knew who look good in a Hawaiin shirt. Well, almost.

Justin: He was g*y before it became fashionable.

Rodney: I never heart him complain. Not once. He lived in gratitude.

[Michael looks at Deb: aren't you going to say anything? She shakes her head no. It must be the first time ever that Deb hasn't had anything to say. After the funeral on the way back.]

Michael: Ma, your okay?

Debbie: I'm doin' fine.

Rodney: [to Emmett] His boxes still unpacked. He said, 'What's the hurry?'

Emmett: I think that's why he mean live in now.

Rodney: It's hard to do when he dies so fast.

[Behind them Ted walking alone. Behind Ted, Mel and Linds. Behind the l*sbian Ben and Hunter.]

Ben: You okay, pal?

Hunter: Yeah, sure.

[Behind them Brian, Jen and Justin.]

Brian: All I say it 's better to go out when you're young, in a blaze of glory, than to get old and diseased.

Justin: He might feel differently if it were you.

Jen: Well, at least you didn't get sick and linger. That's the worst.

Brian: Yeah, that's in extremely poor taste.

[Most of the funeral party winds up back at Deb's house, where she's making herself way too busy. She bustles around, offering everybody more wine.]

Debbie: Here, more wine, sweetheart. Thank you.

Michael: Can I give you a hand?

Debbie: No, I'm good at that. How about you, sweetheart?

Ben: Thank you, Deb.

Mel: Want you the cake a caseboard or a refridge?

Debbie: I want you to sit down. All of you. Really, I'll take care of it.

Jen: Debbie, you have stepped all day.

Lindsay: We're starting in the center a new class. I think I'll should sign up for pottery. How about you come and join me, Deb?

Jen: That's a wonderful idea.

Debbie: Well, I'm italian. I need only food and plenty of vino.

Rodney: Deb.

Debbie: How do you do, baby?

Rodney: As good as you. Here, I broughed you this. I think you would like to do.

Debbie: Sure honey. That's really thoughful.

Rodney: It contains family fotos, his rings and watch. There is also a letter address to you.

Debbie: A letter. For me?

Rodney: Why you don't took off when you're a little tired?

Debbie: No, no. You go ahead and get some rest. I'm okay. Here, take this. You gonna eat, you hear me?

[Rodney kisses Debbie. All say goodbye to Rodney. Debbie goes to the box and take the letter to her. Michael comes up to Debbie while she's reading the letter.]

Michael: Why don't you let Mel and Lindz and Jennifer help you? (Sees Deb looking at the letter) What's that?

Debbie: Oh, it's a letter from your Uncle Vic. He wrote it to me a few years ago when he was sick and he thought he was gonna die.

Michael: What does it say?

Debbie: It says - we're gonna have a party. We're gonna have a party.

[She hugs Michael.]

[Blake, the best substance abuse counselor in the entire universe, has thoughtfully brought Ted some Thai food.]

Ted: Seeing that box and knowing Victor's inside... that was... tough.

Blake: How sad.

Ted: But Debbie picked up a real nice shirt with cool dancer and pop trickies.

Blake: I guess you must be something wearing while you were dancing. Oh, I hope that ties was okay.

Ted: It's amazing...

Blake: Only good taste.

Ted: ...how caring you are. It's just like everybody at the meeting said.

[Blake looks nervous. There's something in Ted's manner that's just a little too personal.]

Blake: I know how stressful funerals can be. I figured you can use a little - comfort.

Ted: I think she had the right counselor.

Blake: We have pat thai and a few grow up.

Ted: I love it.

[Ted puts his arms around Blake. Blake looks really, really uncomfortable. Then Ted starts kissing him.]

Ted: You know the whole time, and I know it's awful but... it could it be me. All those people, Michael and Brian, Mel and Lindz, Emmett... they could be for my funeral. You know what else I was thinking? How much I will kiss you... [he kisses Blake.] And bite you... and f*ck you... and suck you.

Blake: But the food gets cold!

Ted: Better the thai food than you!

[Michael and Ben on their way home.]

Ben: I expected the funeral was a desaster but as it turns out, your mother well-behaved, you made a beautiful speech and the hair was great.

Michael: Thanks. Wasn't it strange how cold she was up?

Ben: Well, my guess is she's still in shock. Besides it'll will take in her own time.

Michael: Jesus, did you smell that?

[They enter the apartment to find Hunter stretched out on the couch smoking weed.]

Michael: What the hell are you doing?

Hunter: Smoking your hidden joint. What the hell does it look like?

Michael: Is that why you didn't want to come with us to my mom's? So you could stay here and get stoned?

Hunter: Beats the hell out of eating cold cuts and listening to stories about some old guy I hardly knew!

Michael: That old guy happened to be my uncle.

Hunter: Then you go get all teary-eyed. I prefer having a toke.

[He gets up off the couch and slams into his room.]

Ben: We're fostering a minor, Michael. If they found out we had pot or any other ill*gal substances around the house, we could lose him.

Michael: I forgot I even had it. Brian gave it to me for emergencies.

Ben: He obviously went snooping and found it.

[Michael sits down on the couch and fires up the remainder of the joint.]

Ben: Michael? What are you DOING?

[Michael lies down on the couch with the joint in one hand and a scrunched-up look of agony on his face.]

Michael: This is an emergency.

Ben: Michael, we can't tell him not to use drugs if we do it ourselves.

Michael: Course we can! That's what parenting's all about.

[Justin is feeding Brian Chinese food with chopsticks. Brian opens his fortune cookie.]

Brian: A surprise awaits you. What's yours say?

Justin: The man you love will slowly and sensually peel off all his clothes for you, exposing his perfect body. (He slithers down so hishead is now strategically placed in Brian's lap) Then he will take out his bee-you-tiful d*ck. Then you can suck it.

Brian: This is a long fortune.

Justin: There's more. Next, he'll rim your a*s to get you crazy, then ram his c*ck up you and f*ck you so hard you pass out.

[Justin is kissing Brian all the time he's talking.]

Brian: In bed.

Justin: Hm?

Brian: You're supposed to add "in bed" to the end of that fortune.

Justin: I was thinking on the floor.

Brian: Okay.

[They kiss. Then Justin slips his hand down Brian's pants. Just checking the equipment. Brian flinches and pulls himself up to a sitting position.]

Justin: What?

Brian: Nothing. Your hands are cold.

Justin: I'll warm them up.

Brian: That's okay. (Yawns) I'm kinda tired.

[Justin looks confuzzled. This has to be a first.]

[At the Novotny house. Emmett wakes up with a jolt to the strains of "Joy to the World." He stumbles downstairs to find Deb playing Christmas carols and decorating the house with Christmas decorations.]

Emmett: OK, when I went to bed, it was February and I only took one Xanax. So exactly how long have I been asleep?

[Deb is swearing, struggling to put up a Christmas tree.]

Debbie: f*ck! I can't tell if these branches are tops or bottoms.

Emmett: You'd have to ask another tree about that one. Deb -

Debbie: Oh, can't you see? It's Christmas!

Emmett: Christmas.

Debbie: But before you call the loony bin and have them cart me away, it's for a damn good reason. (She shows him Vic's letter.) Rodney brought this letter Vic wrote a few years ago. It was about the time we thought we were gonna lose him. It was just before Christmas and the doctors said he didn't look like he was gonna make it. So in the letter, he made me promise that even if he wasn't here, he still wanted us to have the most beautiful holiday ever.

Emmett: But Deb, he was here. And not just for that Christmas but for many more Christmases.

Debbie: Yeah, but he's gone now. So I say, what better way to pay tribute than to have one last celebration?

Emmett: That's very sweet, Deb. Aren't you a little late?

Debbie: It doesn't matter. When somebody you love writes you a letter and asks you to do something, you've got no choice but to do it. (She turns back to the tree) You know, chopping down a f*ck' tree would've been easier!

[Ted and Blake in are bed the morning after. They're all cuddled up - only something's wrong with this picture. Blake looks totally freaked out. Ted's kissing all over him.]

Ted: Hey, sleepy head. We're must up in a few minutes ago.

Blake: I know.

Ted: Haven't you places to be, things to do, peoples to see?

Blake: Yeah, I rather get up.

Ted: Oh, first we should relieve that morning stiffness.

Blake: Ted. Ted, please, please...

Ted: You're not in the mood?

Blake: I don't think we'll do this today. Ted, please, don't think it has something to do with you.

Ted: With me?

Blake: It's not.

Ted: Of course, never is(!)

Blake: I've should have known better.

Ted: To get involved?

Blake: It was a mistake.

Ted: To fall in love? Have sex? Be close?

Blake: The program -

Ted: f*ck the program! This is my life! I'm allowed to make my own decisions!

Blake: Yes, and as your counselor, it's my responsibility to help you make the right ones!

Ted: You have! You've helped me more than you know! It's just like the woman at that meeting said. I don't know what I would've done or how I could've survived without you.

Blake: That doesn't include sleeping with you.

Ted: Then why did you? To make amends?

Blake: The same reason you did. Because I wanted to. But it's hurting you.

Ted: Hurting me? How could it be hurting me?

Blake: Because you need to focus on yourself right now. Nothing else is important. That includes me.

[He walks off to finish getting dressed leaving Ted shaking his head in disbelief.]
[Cut to Ben and Hunter in front of Hunter's school. It looks like Hunter got in a fight. He's got a black eye.]

Hunter: f*cking as*h*le tripped me! Then he lied and said it was an accident.

Ben: So you hit him?

Hunter: Gotta stand up for yourself.

Ben: And what if he'd made you bleed? Then everyone would need to know you're positive. Is that what you want?

Hunter: Yeah, that's exactly what I want.

Ben: Look. You've been doing great, better than anyone expected.

Hunter: Proving what? That hustlers not only can give expert head, they can even write a book report?

Ben: That's not what I meant. So why would you f*ck it up?

Hunter: As if it matters what I get on my SAT scores or if I'm a National Merit Scholar, since I'm gonna end up in a box like Vic.

Ben: Look. Not long ago, the person who infected me died.

Hunter: You knew him.

Ben: Yeah.

Hunter: And you didn't k*ll him.

Ben: He was my ex-lover.

Hunter: sh*t! You can't trust anyone.

Ben: The point is - afterward, I did some pretty self-destructive things.

Hunter: Like what?

Ben: Like taking steroids because I thought they'd make me healthier, but they only did more harm than good. And it didn't change the fact that I still have this thing inside of me, same as you. But no

matter how scared or angry we are, we can't self-destruct. We can't let it sabotage our lives.

Hunter: I don't know what the f*ck you're talking about! Dude, I told you. The guy tripped me. That's all!

Ben: All right, that's all it was.

[When Michael comes in, he's slightly dumfounded.]

Michael: Holy Christ!

Debbie: Oh, I don't have it. Thanks for reminding me. It's a long time you don't see this, huh? He still love him. But this year we got all the way! Just like we're used to.

[Debbie rushes above.]

Emmett: Well, I leave it to your deal.

Michael: Where you're going?

Emmett: Christmas shopping. Only 310 days left!

[Emmett leaves and Deb comes downstairs]

Debbie: I goes these stairs twenty four times a day.

Michael: I think it's really nice what your doin' for Uncle Vic but don't wear yourself out.

Debbie: Oh, I'm fine.

Michael: At least, let me help you.

Debbie: No, it's okay.

Michael: I'm happy to.

Debbie: Michael, would you let go? I don't need your g*dd*mn help! I just have to do this - all of it - by myself, OK?

Michael: But why?

Debbie: Because it was Vic's last request and if I do all of it perfectly, the way that he wanted, then maybe - it just has to be right, that's all. Nothing can go wrong!

[She runs upstairs.]

[Lindsay brings Gus to visit Brian.]

Brian: (taking Gus) Does no one respect privacy anymore? Is it all a forgotten right?

Lindsay: Gus has been saying Dada all day.

Brian: So he's developed a sudden interest in German surrealism.

Lindsay: I think he means you. Try to be amusing? He's been an enfant terrible all day.

[Brian's watching a James Dean movie. Brian muses on the topic with Gus.]

Brian: What's that? You see that cute boy, Gus? He not only knew how to live, he knew how to die. Instead of watching himself get old and gross, seeing himself gradually decompose, he went out in a blaze of glory, both ba*ls intact.

Lindsay: Isn't he a little young for James Dean?

Brian: You don't want him watching Teletubbies, do you? It might make him g*y.

Lindsay: You know, in your own weird, subversive way, you're not a bad father.

Brian: I prefer to see myself as the anti-dad.

Lindsay: Well, whatever you are, if you'd like more time with him, all you have to do is ask.

Brian: I think I'll stick to my unaccredited cameo appearances.

Lindsay: You know, one day in the not-too-distant future, we'll be watching him graduate from school. Then I imagine he'll meet a lovely young girl - or boy - get married maybe, have grandchildren maybe -

Brian: You really know how to k*ll a moment, don't you?

Lindsay: Don't worry, I'm sure you'll be the hottest, handsomest anti-grandpa ever.

[Michael, Ben and Hunter are having dinner. Michael's bitching out Hunter.]

Michael: And to top off everything else, you had to get suspended!

Hunter: It's not like I called in a b*mb threat.

Michael: That's not the point, smart-a*s! I've got enough sh*t to worry about without having to worry about you, too!

Hunter: So stop worrying.

Michael: I will worry as much as I g*dd*mn well please. What the hell were you thinking?

Hunter: I wasn't thinking anything.

Michael: Obviously!

[Hunter gets up to leave the table.]

Michael: You are not excused!

Hunter: I'm not gonna sit here and get yelled at!

Michael: If you'd quit acting like an idiot -

Ben: Michael, stop.

Michael: Well, that's all we need is for him to get into trouble!

Ben: [to Hunter] Go to your room. Go on.

Michael: He's got to understand he can't go around picking fights. And you can't coddle him!

Ben: I wasn't coddling him.

Michael: What he could use is some discipline!

Ben: What he can use is some understanding. Look - I know you've got a lot to deal with. But so does he.

Michael: It's not his uncle who just died. It's not his mother who's gone around the bend!

Ben: No, but he's the one who's 16, who's positive, who's dealing with an HIV-related death for the first time. Try to imagine how terrifying that must be. So if he's acting out right now, it's because he's scared shitless.

Michael: I'm sorry. I didn't think.

Ben: Why should you? You don't have it.

[It's Ted. He enters Babylon for the first time since the accident. All around him the guys takes drugs. He goes upstairs and he runs into his former associates and an old friend - Tina.]

Tina: Look, who it is! Teddy-boy! Where the f*ck have you been? You're in the circuit?

Ted: Yeah.

Tina: We're going over to Dr.See's later. We wanna come, come, come?

Ted: No, thanks, guys. I was wondering... if you have... you know...

Tina: A little Tina?

Ted: No, thanks.

Tina: Special one-time offer. First tip on me.

[Ted looks downstairs and see Justin and Emmett at the bar.]

Justin: He's never turned me down before.

Emmett: I have to admit, it doesn't sound like the Brian Kinney we all know and feel ambivalent about!

[Cut briefly back to Ted.]

Ted: I want to go.

[Back again to Justin and Emmett at the bar.]

Justin: Maybe I'm getting too old for him. Maybe it's the hair.

Emmett: I love the hair. And if you're too old, the rest of us should be in assisted care.

Justin: Then what?

Emmett: Maybe you're in a slump. It happens in the best of non-relationships. Try spicing it up!

Justin: But there's nothing and practically no one we haven't done.

Emmett: All it takes is a couple of new ingredients to perk up an old, familiar dish.

[He turns Justin's head to see two likely prospects. Justin's eyes light up. Brian returns home after a hard day at work to find Justin with the two tricks.]

Trick #1: [to Trick #2] He IS hot.

Trick #2: Uh-huh.

Justin: Thought you might like a long, hard night after a hard, long day.

Brian: I just remembered I left something at the office.

[Hunter and Mikey are walking their bikes.]

Michael: I want you to wear something nice for the party. It's a special occasion, so that we're look to our best. And when time after school you got a hair-cut.

Hunter: I do a make-up? Because I'm not goin'.

[He rides off. Mikey wobbles off after him.]

Michael: The least you could do is try and make an appearance!

Hunter: I don't do the Santa ride. Especially when it's not even f*cking Christmas!

Michael: It's important to her. To respect Vic's wishes.

Hunter: So what's she gonna do when I croak? Throw me an Easter egg hunt?

Michael: You're not gonna croak. You're gonna be around for a long, long time.

Hunter: How do you know? Answer me!

Michael: I don't.

Hunter: Then don't f*ck' say anything.

Michael: That's why it's important we all live in the now, like Ben says.

Hunter: That's awesome advice, dude. Ben's Buddhist bullshit has really inspired me. Well, better get a move on before I run out of now!

[He starts off on his bike again. Michael wobbles after him again.]

Michael: Hey! Hey! You don't have to go if you don't want to. C'mon.

[Back at home, Ted contemplates his vial of Tina. Just then, there's a timely knock at the door. It's Emmett.]

Ted: Who is it?

Emmett: Uh, Christmas angel.

[he opens the door.]

Emmett: Saison greeting's. [looks in Ted's confused face] I'm trying to get the spirit for Vic's... never mind. I just drop by to tell you that I, uh, read for letter.

Ted: You did?

Emmett: Three times, actually. It's very well written. In fact more than that.

Ted: I got the little story turn me on. Do you know where the business cards stand?

Emmett: Oh, I love that story and a cute rich guy, Morgan, runs it.

Ted: Yeah, he's hot, isn't he?

Emmett: Yeah, the letter. So, I... I read it and...

Ted: Wait a minute. You threw it away to me. I ditched it.

Emmett: Luckily for both of us Blake retrieved it and gave it back to me.

Ted: I didn't know he did that.

Emmett: Well, I'm glad he did. Cause it tells the truth. There was a part of me that didn't want you to recover. I wanted you to be in pain. Well, I think you deserved that. Cunty, huh?

Ted: Not really. I thoughed the same way myself.

Emmett: Anyway, I'm huh... tell Blake he is a damn good counselor and a damn good friend. Because he care so much about you. You lucky to you him. Well Teddy, I wish you the best.

[Then he leaves. Ted looks close to tears.]

[At Brian's loft. It's one of those Brian-and-Mikey scenes. They're smoking a joint.]

Michael: Do you suddenly feel a preponderance of death?

Brian: Wasn't that a play by Arthur Miller?

Michael: It's an unsettling observation by Michael Novotny. (Whiny) Everywhere I turn I'm confronted with the inevitable fact of one's mortality.

Brian: Death can really hang you up the most.

Michael: It's not only meant Vic, Ben and Hunter. It's a horrible thing to say and I don't even like to think it, but they could die, just like him, and I'd be the one left to pack up their stuff and turn out the lights -

Brian: Just because they're positive doesn't mean they're gonna be the first to go. Hell, it could be you. You could step out in the street - get hit by a Mercedes compressor. It's so much classier than a bus.

Michael: Thanks.

Brian: Go down to the Post Office to buy a stamp, get blown away by a disgruntled postal worker. In case you haven't noticed these days, they're all disgruntled.

[Michael hugs Brian. Brian just sort of lets him. He walks over to the fridge, gets out a couple of bottles of beer.]

Michael: I just get scared of the thought of being alone.

Brian: It's how we all came in. It's how we're all going out.

Michael: Yeah, but until then, I'd prefer at least the illusion that someone else will be there, if only temporarily.

Brian: Believe what you want, but the less you have to hold onto, the easier it is to let go.

Michael: Maybe so, but still I'm glad I have you.

Brian: Who said anything about me?

Michael: (Comes up behind Brian, who's sitting down at this point. He puts his arms around Brian's neck.) Well, it's nice to know that no matter what happens, we'll always have each other. We always have. Right?

[He kisses Brian's neck.]

[Cut to Ted and Blake at a street.]

Ted: You need a lift?

Blake: Uh, no, it's okay. I rather walk.

Ted: Getting cold. They says it's snows.

Blake: Thanks anyway.

Ted: Please.

Blake: OK, Ted I don't can explain the other night...

Ted: But then let me talk. OK? After you told me you didn't want to see me anymore -

Blake: I said it wasn't a good idea for us to see each other.

Ted: Right. I was so upset. Ya know what I did?

Blake: No.

[Ted shows him the vial.]

Ted: It's the finest, good price to.

Blake: sh*t.

Ted: But after walking it around, I did a little accounting and I figured doing this would put me back in the minus column, this time maybe permanently. So I decided to pass.

Blake: Wise decision.

Ted: When we first met, I fell in love because you needed me to take care of you. This time, I fell in love because I needed you to take care of me. And you have. In fact, I wouldn't even be standing here right now if it wasn't for you. I am so sorry if I was too selfish and too horny to see it.

Blake: Thank you, Ted.

Ted: So where does that leave us? Besides being stuck with lousy timing once again.

Blake: Yeah, we seem to have that, don't we? Maybe one day the timing will be right.

Ted: You think?

Blake: We can hope. [puts his hand out for the vial] In case you're tempted.

[He opens the vial and pour it. And as if by magic, it begins to snow. Of course it is Christmas, isn't it?]

Ted: Whaddaya know! It's snowing!

[At Kinnetik, Cynthia storms into Brian's office, spitting mad because he's taking off.]

Cynthia: I can't believe you taking off!

Brian: I'm eighteen. Barcelona and Madrid. I hope I can practice my spanish. Como esta usted?

Cynthia: I'm fine, thank you! But you must be demented!

Brian: It's one of those spontaneous things.

Cynthia: And how are we supposed to spontaneously cover for you while you're tanning your a*s? You

have meetings with Remson, Brown, Eyeconics.

Brian: They can wait. They all can wait till I come back.

Cynthia: And when you coming back?

Brian: I'll let you know.

Cynthia: I have worked for you for five years and I've never known you to just take off. So why now? You've just opened up your own firm and you just suddenly decide -

Brian: Well, that's the point of being your own boss, isn't it? Make your own hours, come and go as you please, not answer to anyone -

[Justin walks in. Talk about timing.]

Justin: Almost anyone.

Brian: The ball and chain. Cynthia, would you excuse us?

Justin: Where are you going?

Brian: Ibiza. I'm leaving tonight.

Justin: Without me?

Brian: You're going back to school, remember? It would be highly irresponsible to just pull you out.

Justin: f*ck school. f*ck the bet. And f*ck you. We were supposed to go together.

[Brian explodes.]

Brian: WE'RE NOT f*cking MARRIED! And I don't need to get your f*cking permission if I want to go somewhere!

[He storms out of the office, leaving a stunned Justin. A minute later, he walks back in, looking calmer. Meanwhile, Justin has put two and two together and realizes that something is wrong.]

Justin: You're right. You're absolutely right. We have no obligation to tell each other anything.

[Brian shakes his head]

Justin: Look, if I did something or said something to piss you off, I didn't mean to.

Brian: It's not you.

[He pulls Justin in for a hug.]

Justin: What is it? What? [Pause] Okay - you go do whatever you have to do for whatever reason you have to do it. I just want you to know I love you. And I'll be here when you get back.

[Brian smiles, then nods mutely. Justin leaves. Once he's alone, Brian turns out the lights in his office.

One, two, and on the third one he picks up the lamp and smashes it to the floor.]

[And now for a little Christmas cheer. Or not. Chanda Leer is belting out carols at Deb's party. (She did go blonde, just like she said she would.)]

Justin: I always knew that Chanda will be back here, we she belongs.

Chanda: You can't keep a good Drag queen down. A true gentleman prefer blond.

Justin: I don't know about gentlemen, but dirty old men should do.

Chanda: Even better.

[Mel stands at the table with Michael.]

Mel: I keep thinking I can't hardly wait for Christmas sales. And I can't remember it isn't even Christmas.

Michael: I was Uncle Vic's idea.

[Debbie offers Rodney cookies.]

Debbie: Try these cookies. Vic's used this. When we were kids he used to bite this site on.

Rodney: I wish he could here and share this with us.

Debbie: Who say he isn't? So, let him see your smile. Bite.

[Ted goes in the kitchen to Emmett.]

Emmett: Want some?

Ted: No, actually I hate punch.

Emmett: Yeah, me to. But somehow I feel obligated.

Ted: Well I think about celebrating Christmas off season...

Emmett: The trees are cheeper.

Ted: We get reminded again to love your fellows. Marry Christmas.

Emmett: You to, Teddy.

Debbie: Get I get up everybodies attention, please?! Everbody c'mon here! This year Christmas come a little early or a little late, how you look at. But either way it's here. And that's what Victor wanted. All his friends celebrating his favorite holiday and him. So now, time to add the finishing touch to the festivities. Everybody will knows who puts the angel on the tree? But now this year, little brother, I'll do it in your honor.

Michael: Be careful, mom.

Debbie: If I can climb up a roof then I can climb up that little chair.

[She gets up on the chair, stretches to put the angel on top - and it falls and breaks.]

Debbie: No, no! It had to be perfect!

Michael: Ma.

Debbie: No, it had to be perfect. IT HAD TO BE PERFECT!

[No-one says a word.]

[Brian Kinney, no longer perfect, is on the operating table.]

Doc: OK, Mr. Kinney. Relax and count backwards from ten.

Brian: Ten... Nine... Eight...

[Cut to black screen.]

END OF EPISODE

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